A

PANEGYRICK

On the

Most Auspicious and long-wish'd-for Return

OF

The Great EXAMPLE of the Greatest Virtue,

The FAITHFUL *ACHATES*

Of Our

ROYAL *CHARLES*,

AND

The Tutelar Angel (as we justly hope) of our

CHURCH and STATE,

The Most Illustrious

JAMES

Duke, Marquess, and Earl of ORMOND, &c.

Lord Lieutenant and General Governour of His Majesties Kingdom of *Ireland*, His Grace.

BY *F. S.*

Nemo confidet nimium secundis
Nemo desperet Meliora lapsis. } Seneca.

——*Deus nobis hæc otia fecit.* Virg.

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A Panegyrick

To the Most Illustrious

JAMES

Duke, Marquess, and Earl of ORMOND.

Lord Lieutenant, and General Governour of His MAJESTIES KINGDOM of IRELAND,

His GRACE.

TO speak Your Welcome (most Illustrious Sir) in as high a Key as our Hearts conceive it, is as nigh a kin to an impossibility, as to speak Your Merit: The one, the unkinde Fate of our feeble Organs deny us to reach unto, the other the expanded Glory of Your Heroick Actions, and the unexemplar'd Magnanimity of Your Great Soul, will not admit.

Yet herein do we finde our Wants reprized, whilſt Heaven ſweetly indulging our Inabilities, looks on the Quality, not Quantity of our Returns, and from an humble grateful Heart, values the cheerful Sacrifice of a pair of Mites, more then the hidden Treaſures of the lower World. If Heaven then be ſo propitious to the incurable Malady of our Natures, how can we deſpair of a candid Acceptation from You who are her Favorite, and One who in the various Aſſaults of the moſt imminent Dangers, and ſevereſt Temptations, have born the ſignal Impreſs and Character of her Love and Favour. Were not this true, this happy hour had ne'er been ours, that now ſeems to ſecure our Harveſt of Joy for our Seed of Tears, and Promiſes us as much of Earthly Fœlicity, as can poſſibly be expected under the beſt of Kings, and the beſt of Subjects. Think not then (moſt redoubted Sir) our Duties Flattery, nor the dilated Joys of our Loyal Hearts, a Deſign upon Your Power: Let thoſe that juggle with their Allegiance, that Obey becauſe 'tis not ſafe for them to Rebel, and love their King, Religion and Laws, becauſe they dare not do otherwiſe, feel the ſmart Effects of that; whilſt we loſe our Selves in the Contemplation of that Bleſſing we have received; a Bleſſing of that miraculous Magnitude, that our Poſterity muſt have the Influence, We onely the Wonder. Thus *Zion*'s Captivity when revers'd, became a Dream, being (like ours) ſo far above their Merit, or their Expectation, that it was above the Capacity of their ſubtileſt Faculty to believe it Real. Contraries put together (ſaith the Philoſopher) are their own beſt Illuſtration, and if we be not afraid to look back upon our former Bondage, it may perhaps endear the Bleſſing of our Redemption the more unto us, by how much we diſpair'd of ever ſeeing it effected. What rigid Stoick can reflect on our paſt Diſtractions, without Diſtraction? Three Kingdoms which for Riches, Strength and Policy, were no way inferiour to the greateſt of *Europe*, how have we ſeen (like *Joſeph*) ſold to Uncircumciſed *Iſhmaelites*, and their Beauteous Garments (their Cities, Temples, and fertile Fields, like his Coat) dy'd in the Blood of their own Children? How have we ſeen Religion degenerate

generate from its Primitive Simplicity, and the raviſhing Beauty of its Cœleſtial Features, vitiated with the Paint and Fucus of our own Frantick Imaginations? How have we ſeen the Arms of the Church, from *Preces* and *Lachrymæ*, converted into Sword and Piſtol, the Pulpit, by its Bloody and Sophiſtical Oratory, ſeeming to re-inveſt the lying Author, or the Father of Lyes, in his loſt Oracles? How have we ſeen the Face of Majeſty beſpatter'd with the virulent Poyſon of the Tongue, and Aſps, the ſworn Subject of His Crown and Scepter? How have we ſeen our now Glorious Maſter bely'd by thoſe that began the ſecond Maſſacre of Innocents, but ſomething bloodier then that of *Herod*'s, when they made the credulous World believe, they had the Royal Aſſent for their unheard-of Cruelties? How have we ſeen Him ſold,

Cum petiit, Fato ſupplice, nudus, opem.

And ſuch a Maſter, that his price was far above Rubies, or the Gold of Ophir? How have we ſeen him murder'd, and the Parricide afterward juſtified by a Law? A Crime ſo oppoſite to to Nature and Humanity, that a Heathen Law-Giver could not conceive, the thought of it could enter into the Heart of Man, much leſs the perpetration, and therefore made no Law againſt it. *Nonne hæc ſufficiunt?* Is not this Impiety enough for one Age? Yet we may ſay, as the Queen of *Sheba*, of that great King's Wiſdom, *Ecce non indicatum eſt nobis dimidium*, We have but a part, though a large one, of our inlarged Sorrows. Methinks I hear a Voice behinde me, asking where were thoſe *Teneri Agnelli*, the ſurviving Hope and Props of the mourning Diadem; Though the Hand of Violence had ſeiz'd the Life of the Father, yet *Hæ Oviculæ quid fecerunt?* What had They done to be Disfranchis'd from their Royal Right? Where was then CHARLES the Little, now greater then *Charles* the Great, but like young *Joaſh*, hid in the Temple of Divine Providence, from the mercileſs Hands of a cruel Uſurper? Where were thoſe Twin-Reſerves of the Britiſh Crown, but ſeeking Protection

in a Forreign Air, whilſt their Unnatural Nurſe beſtows her Milk upon the Baſtards of her Luſt at Home? Where went the Widowed Mother, but to the Solitary Grove of a Recluſe Life, there to bewail Her Glorious Princes Fate, and her Childrens Danger? Where lay the Honeſt Man, when the Artifice of Hell was invok'd to Unrivet his Allegiance? What Oaths, Rapines, Murders, Sacriledges, did every Day preſent us with? Nay what groſs Impiety was there (if it had a name) that wanted a Profeſſor? Peaceable and Inoffenſive Carriage, and as Innocent as the Doves, would not be truſted without a Perjury: The demoliſhing of Churches was nothing, without ſhaking the Foundation of the Peoples Faith: The Eſtates of Gentry and Nobility, without their Blood and Exile; nay the Crown it Self, without the Life of the Prince, of little value.------ What Hyperbolical Crimes were here? Such as ----*Vix novit Ethnicus vel publicanus.* Yet theſe, and more, (moſt Renowned Sir) if more can be imagin'd, Your Grace too ſenſibly knows to be the ſad Product of our late Confuſions.

But why do we grate Your Ears with the Repetition of our paſt Miſeries, and inſtead of welcoming You aſhore, afflict Your Eyes with the Landskip of Your own Shipwrack? Againſt ſuch melancholy Entertainment, though from the fair Hands of a Beauteous Queen, we finde a great Reluctancy in the moſt courtly Trojan,

Infandum, Regina, jubes, &c.

Yet as that Noble Prince would rather cruciate his own Soul, then diſoblige ſo ſweet a Lady, that lov'd him the more paſſionately for his Sufferings: So we (my Lord) do hope that You, whom we equally love for Yours, will not onely pardon us for what we have done, but from the General, give us leave to touch at thoſe Particulars that concern this Kingdom; if for no other Reaſon, yet becauſe it has been the Theatre of Your own Misfortunes, and that without an *olim meminiſſe* of what we have ſuffered by your long-mourn'd-for Abſence, we ſhall hardly

hardly with Moderation manage that Joy and Contentation, Your long'd-for Preſence has brought amongſt us.

Be pleas'd then to remember (moſt Excellent Sir) when our Royal Maſter of Glorious Memory, prick'd at the Heart for the ſad Calamities of this Bleeding Kingdom, had ſought by all means poſſible, by ſtopping the Flux of her bloody Iſſue, to reſtore her to her former Health; and after a ſtrict and earneſt ſearch, found no way properer then to put her under the Tuition and Care of an Able and Faithful Phyſitian: How welcom, how generally applauded was His Royal Choice, when he pitch'd upon Your Grace as the fitteſt Perſon for ſo Knotty and Myſterious a Piece of Service. And if it be not a Sin to ſpeak Truth, What was there wanting in that Election (if we had not been wanting to our Selves, and frowardly ſpurn'd our own Happineſs) that might give a Diſguſt, to the moſt croſs-grain'd Humoriſt? Was High Blood, flowing from the Veins of as Noble, as Ancient Progenitors, inferiour to no Subject, and that without the leaſt Attainder of Diſloyalty for ſo many Hundreds of Years, of no conſideration? Were rare Endowments of Minde, (the ſpecial Marks and Tokens, whereby wiſe Kings chuſe Inſtruments for their moſt weighty Services) as Wiſdom to Contrive, Courage and Reſolution to Execute, Sweetneſs and Affability to Invite and Win, Bounty and Clemency to Reward and Cheriſh; and a juſt Fidelity that crowns all the reſt of the Siſter-Graces, of no Value nor Eſtimation? Yet theſe and many other Ornaments of no common Luſtre, (moſt Noble Sir) which the unblinded part of the Kingdom ſaw like Cœleſtial Diamonds made up the Conſtellation of Your Gallant Soul, could not with their Harmonious Influence, charm the Serpentine Spirit of that froward Age. ——May we be ſo bold to examine

——*Quæ cauſa indigna ſerenos*
Fœdavit vultus?

What it was that re-immerg'd this unfortunate Iſland, when her Head

Head began to appear above the Deluge her own Blood had made? What it was that made You (my Lord) who had so freely sacrific'd the Life of Your Estate as well as Person, in her Vindication, to be the Object of her foul Ingratitude, as the murmuring against Your Power at that time, must necessarily infer. We confess (Sir) when we think on You, and the wining Candour and attractive Sweetness of Your Nature, we are all Wonder; but when we cast the Nature of Treason, and of those State-Insidiaries that then lay in wait to rob us of our Peace and Satisfaction, our Wonder ceaseth. For 'tis no new thing to see *Machiavil* confute St. *Austin*, and Modern Policy to laugh at Christian Simplicity, and the Innocence of Obedience; though an indifferent Eye may through the Prospective of a Rash Enterprize, see the just Fate of *Phaeton* and *Icarus* in the foolish Undertakers. We need not trouble our Selves much in the search; It was because we distasted Your Vice-Regencie over us; And what was the Reason of that? Because You (my Lord) would have had us Christian Subjects, that is, so obedient to our Religion and Laws, as not to be our own Carvers, and stain with an Hot and Unwarranted Prosecution, what before was Ennobled with a Matchless Innocence and Justice, our Cause and Quarrel: A Cause that a good Christian would have gloried more to have suffered wrongfully in, then we have since unjustly to have fought in: A Cause that History it self could not produce a better, nor a good One so much abus'd. But where Ambition and Covetousness pretend under the Veil of Piety (like the Jesuites in the *Indies*) the Cure of our Distempers we may be sure to finde them worse. For where were the Symptoms of our Destruction more apparent, then in that grand Exigence of Affairs, when Ingratitude and Disloyalty affronted *CÆSAR*, and *CÆSAR*'s Image (for so You were then, most Worthy Sir) asperfing the Paternal Care of the one, and the Loyal Duty and Fidelity of the other, with the bitterest Invectives Malice could invent, or Madness durst publish. Was not the Act of Cessation (all the Hope we had to recruit our lost Breach and Strength) cry'd down as a Design against the English Interest?

Though

Though a more probable means to preserve the Remnant of our Brethren that had escaped, could not be found, then in the nick of time to stop the Bloody Hands of their Powerful and Desperate Pursuers. Yet this was the Divinity then of the raving Pulpit, but so Hæretically Calumnious, (as it hath since plainly appear'd) that I might as rationally conceive that Man mine Enemy that should interpose his Life between my Safety, and the Fury of an Enraged Lion. Surely those shrill Trumpets of Sedition, those Mushrome-Levites, sprung up in a Night, Matriculated, Graduated and Ordained all in a Breath, had very much forgot themselves, when in their Clamorous Devotions, they set forth their Condition in such pity-craving Terms, calling Themselves a Flock of Kids, an Handful, One to a Thousand; but their Adversaries, the Children of *Anak* for Proportion, and for number like the Grashoppers of the Field; not considering that those Allegations (if true) were the onely Motives, that induc'd the King to compass that Act of Accommodation. So that next the Sin of those that made the Fire, theirs must needs be, that kept it in with the violent Breath of Frowardness and Dissention, and prolonged the War by obstructing those Aids that were then intended, and which (very likely) if legally follow'd, had soon put a period to the Force and Heat of that Unparallel'd Rebellion. But such a Prepostorous and Unevangelical Zeal (they are the Royal Martyrs own Words) as some Men were then endu'd with, could not endure any allay of Moderation, but had rather be counted Cruel then Cold; the Confiscation of the Irish Estates being more Beneficial then the Charity of Saving their Lives, or Reforming their Errors. Well! They had their Will, and the Cheat succeeded. The Kings Angelical Dispofition could deny them nothing, whom he thought Friends to Truth, and really touch'd with the Severity of this Kingdoms Sufferings. The Throne shall do Homage to the Footstool, and the Indispensable Jewels of the Crown, shall be ingag'd for their Satisfaction. But what do we finde to be the Fruit of this Royal Bounty? Why the very same that a Graceless Child most commonly returns an Indulgent

Parent, to grow the Worſe, the Better he is us'd; and to gratifie his Sordid Luſts, and Unworthy Deſires, prefers the Gold and the Eſtate, before either the Life, or the Honour of the Unfortunate Father.

——*Mutato nomine de quibus fabula?*

Who more oblig'd then we? Who leſs concern'd? What Monarch (like ours) did ever diveſt himſelf of his Prerogative, to pleaſe the humour of a peeviſh and unreaſonable people? How injuriouſly was the Sword of Juſtice wreſted out of that hand that knew its temper and its uſe, and (like the Chariot of the Sun) entruſted into thoſe hands, whoſe furious driving diſcovered their ineptitude and unskilfulneſs to manage it. How generous was his Charity, that ſtript himſelf to cloth a naked Army? and how brave his recompence to have his precious life in danger to be made the intereſt of his Curteſie? What did ever that ſweet Lady do (whoſe rare and conſtant virtue her very enemies admir'd, and whoſe deſert they wanted power to reward) that ſhe muſt Petition for a ſubſiſtance out of her own Fortune, and with a great deal of difficulty obtain the tythe? Wherein did ever the hopeful Branches of your noble Family merit a deprivation of their maintenance, whoſe tender years as well as inclinations, ſeem'd to plead their innocency before God and Man? And for a Cloſe, what did ever your Excellency act (while cheif among us) that might diſoblige the meaneſt perſon, though ſcarce worth an obligation, but what the Laws of God, Nature, and Humanity have imprinted in the heart of every man that's Maſter of his Reaſon? Where then lies our Gratitude, or where are but our Foot-ſteps of a real acknowledgement of our being faulty? No (My Lord) when we once ſhake hands with deſperation (that is) when we have ſinn'd beyond Pardon and Reprieve, that reprobate Axiome will prove current Divinity; *Scelera ſceleribus tuenda*, too demonſtrative in that Mirrour of Princes, who when he had given all He had to ſatisfie their helliſh Appetites, muſt give His Life at laſt, to make their Policy and Villany the more exquiſite and compleat.

compleat: What elſe did they do (in Lieu of all the Kindneſſes they receiv'd) but aſſiſt at the Horrid Sacrifice of the Prince of Martyrs, their Lord and Maſter, and (notwithſtanding their ſeeming diſreliſhes of that unpreſidented Act) inthron'd the Regicide, and after his death, own'd the Legal Succeſſion of the Crown in that Poor-ſpirited Impoſtor his Son *Dick*, with as much zeal and faithfulneſs, as a Loyal Subject would his Lawful Prince. Now by this We may ſee, what Goodneſs, Virtue, and Honeſty muſt expect, when ever Treaſon Uſurps the Chair of State. *Lucerna* and *Piedmont* may be objects of Compaſſion, but it is miſtaken Charity to allow Loyalty a Penny, either abroad or at home. Though (truly) I am apt to believe they were not much more the better for't then we; For it is a true Doctrine, though a rebellious Principle, That he that dares break up his Maſters Treaſury to back his Treachery, will not ſcruple much to rob the poor mans Box. Poor *Ireland* can witneſs this too well, whoſe condition once would have extorted pity from the Frozen Breaſt of the moſt Savage Scythian, though it had but little from her neareſt Neighbour: A large Relief (We know) *England* had deſign'd her, but how it was diſpoſ'd of, they know beſt that arm'd the Traytor and diſarm'd the King. T'would ask a longer time then a Winters tale, to particularize the ſeveral Ingredients that Amaſſe our Sorrows; We may giv't in brief——

We were the Sons of Sorrow.

But now! But now! (Heaven have the Praiſe and Honour) We find our Filiation tranſverted, the enlivening Beams of Your delightful Preſence (moſt honoured Sir) Re-creating us the Legitimate Sons of Joy and Cheerfulneſs.

Since then the All-powerful Directer (whither out of Love to You, or Compaſſion to Us, we will not diſpute) has brought You Home again, and maugre all the Stratagems of Hell and Darkneſs, has ſettled You in greater Honour then ever, upon

that Ground, which but a few Months ago, it had been Treason for You, or any of Yours to have put Your Foot upon. Forget not (O Beloved and most Welcome Sir) the greatness of the Obligation: Remember whose Hand it is, and whose hand alone, that has once again given You to Us, and Us to You. Be as You were ever, *verè Romanus*, ever Victorious, Victorious over Your Self, yet *nec victoriâ elatus nec infortunio dejectus*. 'Twere a sawcy Folly to dare to assume the Liberty to Advise Your Grace in any thing, Your own Quick and Judicious Eye, being able to penetrate beyond our weak Conceptions and mean Capacities. But seeing the Greatest Emperour of the East, though in the Head of an Invincible Army, rejected not the well-meant Intelligence of a poor Shepherds Boy; We hope we may without Offence presume to offer a little of what we know, to Your Graces Eye, our Design being no other but the tender Care and Love we have of Your Graces Honour. We are then Your Humble Supplicants (most Welcome Sir) That You would distinguish between Your Real, and Your pretended Friends: And though the Convert may be justly deserving, yet not to think that Soul that has had a Mischance, to be as Chast as that, that amongst so many pressing Temptations has kept her Virginity Pure and Immaculate. Above all, (my Gratious Lord) we hope You will not let Loyalty, like a neglected Orphan, languish in a Corner, or like *Lazarus*, finde more Charity from Dogs then Men, Whilst Rebellion Revels in her Glorious Possessions, and like *Dives*, pampers her Self with the Choice Delicates of this Worlds Revenue. Nor would we have You (my Lord) to draw the Sword and throw away the Scabberd: 'Tis the Traytors Maxime, That. Throw away Clemency, and throw away one of the Most splended Jewels of Your Nature,

Fide, sed Cui, Vide.

Let not the fawning Smiles, nor the obsequious Flexures of the Man of the Times any more beguile You; nor let any Man persuade

swade You to the contrary, but that he that Rebels to Acquire an Estate, will Rebel to Keep it; And that this new Way of Curing Rebellion by Rewarding it, a contrary Way to what it was in former Times, will without Doubt tempt itching Posterity to imitate their Fore-Fathers. But stop awhile: I fear we have rebell'd in our Adress, and have committed Treason against the Truth. If we have, we shall lay claim to no other Reward, but that of Pardon, and (like the condemn'd Person) return our Thankfulness in our Heartiest Devotions, for that Liberal Hand that gives it, and that Tutelary Angel that conveys it to us,

GOD SAVE THE KING!

Let Him live the Joy and Wonder of the whole Earth: Let Heaven be His Guardian to keep Him from the Hand of Violence, and let the Holy Angels be the Attendants of His Bed-Chamber: Let His Fair Queen be the joyful Mother of a Race of Princes, that the Royal Line in that Family may have no end, but when all things must end. May Your Grace (whose Constant and Unspotted Faith to Your Exil'd Master, stands an Indelible Monument to after-Ages) have as ample a Reward as Earth can give here, or Heaven hereafter! And may a heavie Curse light on the ill-working Fates of those that shall ever go about to dissolve that reunion so happily confirmed between You and Yours! May the Good Fortune of Your Noble Ancestor, who (as our Irish Chronicles report) had the Sun his Companion in Arms, and signal Part-Taker in that Great Battel against *O Connor*, stapling still three Hours, and casting such dazling Light in the Face of His Army, that he left his Life a Satisfaction for his Treason, and the Conquest of his Army a special Feather in the Triumphant Plume of that Victorious Earl, always attend You; May the Sun & Moon, the Stars in their Courses, & all those refin'd Bodies that have an Influence upon us, fight against all those that fight against You! May all that's Good, love

You,

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You, and Evil fear You! But may the KING delight in You, and You in Him, and We in You Both! May all Enmity be laid aſide, and every Bleſſing that ſhall hereafter befall Us, bear its Date from the ſeven and twentieth of *July*, the Happy Day of Poor IRELAND's RESTAURATION.

Sic precatur

FRANCIS SYNGE.

FINIS.